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The National Finances.

The following able and interesting letter from President Johnson, on the public debt and expenditures of this government, is addressed to Gen. Thos. Ewing, one of the oldest living statesmen of this country.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 24, 1868.
Dear Sir: In a recent conversation upon the subject of the finances, you expressed a desire to be furnished with some of the leading facts then mentioned, touching the national expenditures and the public debt. I now comply with your request, regretting, however, that other and more pressing matters have prevented me from more clearly illustrating the absolute necessity for immediate reform in the financial operations of the Government.

In 1776 our national independence was proclaimed, and, after an exhaustive, blood struggle of seven years, was, in 1783, acknowledged by the parent Government. In 1787 the Federal Constitution was framed, and in 1789 the Government went into operation under its provisions, burdened with a debt of seventy-five millions of dollars created during the war of the Revolution. Immediately upon the organization of Congress, measures were devised for the payment of the national obligations and the restoration of the public credit; and when, in 1812, war was declared against Great Britain, the debt had already been reduced to forty-five millions of dollars. It was then largely increased by the three years' struggle that ensued between the two nations, until, in 1816, it had reached the sum of one hundred and twenty-seven millions. Peace again established, provision was made for the earliest practicable liquidation of this indebtedness, in order that it might not become a permanent incumbrance upon the people. Under wise and economical legislation, the entire amount was paid in a period of twenty years, and the extinguishment of the national debt shed the land with rejoicing, and was one of the great events of President Jackson's administration. Even after its payment a large fund remained in the Treasury, which, for safe keeping, was deposited with the several States, on condition that it should be returned when required by the public wants. In 1849, the year after the termination of an expensive war with Mexico, we found ourselves involved in a debt of sixty-four millions, and this was the amount owed by the Government in 1860, just prior to the outbreak of the rebellion.

In the spring of 1861 the war of the rebellion commenced. Each year of its continuance made an enormous addition to the debt, so that when, in the spring of 1865, liquidation successfully emerged from the blood conflict, the obligations of the Government had reached the vast amount of twenty-six hundred millions. They had not yet, however, attained their highest point; for, when the army and navy had been paid, the volunteer forces disbanded, and the navy largely reduced, it was found, in February, 1866, that our indebtedness exceeded twenty-eight hundred millions of dollars.

Having thus referred to the indebtedness of the Government at various periods of its existence, it may be well to call attention to a brief statement of facts connected with its expenditures.

From the fourth day of March, 1789, to the thirtieth of June, 1861, the entire public expenditures were seventeen hundred millions of dollars. Although covering a period of seventy-two years, this amount seems small when compared with the expenses of the Government during the recent war of four years' duration; for, from the first of July, 1861, to the thirtieth of June, 1865, they reached the enormous aggregate of thirty-three hundred millions of dollars! An investigation into the disbursements since the first day of July, 1865, further shows, that, by adding to the expenditures of the last three years the estimated cost of administering the Government for the year ending the thirtieth of June, 1869, we obtain the sum of sixteen hundred millions of dollars as the amount required for the four years immediately following the cessation of hostilities, or nearly as much as was expended during the seventy-two years that preceded the war.

It will be seen from this brief review, that from 1791 to 1861 our public debt was at no time more than one hundred and twenty-seven millions of dollars, while, subsequently, four years of civil war expanded it to twenty-eight hundred millions. It will also be perceived that while, prior to 1861, the largest annual disbursement was not quite seventy-four millions for the year 1858, the expenditures during the last three years of peace have successively been five hundred and twenty millions, three hundred and forty millions, and three hundred and ninety-three millions—three hundred and seventy-two millions being the amount which it is estimated will be necessary for the year ending the thirtieth of June next.

In making this comparison, we should remember that during the long interval between 1789 and 1861 the Government was frequently required to make expenditures of an extraordinary character. Large sums were paid to Indians as annuities, and for the purchase of their lands, and expensive wars were waged against powerful tribes. Louisiana was acquired from France at a cost of fifteen millions of dollars; Florida, in consideration of five millions, was ceded to us by Spain; California became a part of our possessions on payment to Mexico of fifteen millions; while for ten millions our Government secured from Texas the territory of New Mexico. During these periods of our history we were also engaged in wars with Great Britain and

Mexico—the first waged against one of the most powerful nations of the world, the other made additionally expensive by the prosecution of military operations in the enemy's territory.

The startling facts, thus concisely stated, suggest an inquiry as to the cause of this immense increase in the expenditures and indebtedness of the country. During the civil war the maintenance of the Federal Government was the one great purpose that animated our people, and that economy which should always characterize our financial operations was overlooked in the great effort of the nation to preserve its existence. Many abuses, which had their origin in the war, continued to exist long after it had been brought to a triumphant conclusion, and the people, having become accustomed to a lavish expenditure of the public money for an object so dear to them as the preservation of the integrity of their free institutions, have patiently tolerated taxation of the most oppressive character. Large sums of money continue to be expended from them, and squandered in needless and extravagant appropriations. Enormous expenditures are demanded for purposes, the accomplishment of which requires a large standing army, perversion of the Constitution, and subjugation of States to negro domination. With a military establishment costing in time of peace not less than one hundred millions annually, and a debt, the interest upon which draws from the Treasury each year nearly one hundred and fifty millions—making a total of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars for these two items of expenditure alone—retrenchment has become an absolute necessity, or bankruptcy must soon overtake us, and involve the country in its paralyzing and disastrous results. If, however, a wise economy be adopted, the taxes may soon be materially reduced, not merely for the benefit of a few, but in the interest of all. A revenue would yet remain sufficient for the administration of the Government, as well as for such a reduction of the public debt as would in a few years relieve the people from millions of interest now annually drawn from their resources.

The idea that the debt is to become permanent should be at all times discountenanced, as involving taxation too heavy to be borne, and payment of an amount in interest every sixteen years equal to the original sum. The gradual liquidation of the public debt would by degrees release the large capital invested in the securities of the Government, which, seeking remuneration in other sources of income, would add to the wealth of the nation, upon which it is now so great a drain. This immense debt, if permitted to become permanent and increasing, must eventually be gathered into the hands of the few, and enable them to exert a dangerous and controlling power in the affairs of the Government. The debtors would become the servants of the lenders—the creditors the masses of the people. It is now our boast that we have given freedom to three millions of slaves; it will then be our shame that by their own toleration of usurpation and profligacy, forty millions of people have enslaved themselves, and exchanged slaveholders for new taskmasters in the shape of bondholders and taxgatherers. Hence the vital issue whether Congress and its arbitrary assumptions of authority shall supersede the supreme law of the land—whether in time of peace the country shall be controlled by a multitude of tax collectors and a standing army, the one almost as numerous as the other, and making the debt a permanent burden upon the productive industry of the people; or whether the Constitution, with each and all of its guaranties, shall be sacredly preserved; whether now, as in 1789 and 1816, provision shall be made for the payment of our obligations at as early a period as practicable, that the fruits of their labors may be enjoyed by our citizens, rather than used to build up and sustain a monopoly at home and abroad. The contest is not merely who shall occupy the principal offices in the people's gift, but whether the high behests of the Federal Constitution shall be observed and maintained, in order that our liberties may be preserved; the Union of the States restored; that our Federal system may be unimpaired; fraternal feeling re-established; that our national strength may be renewed; the expenditures diminished; that taxation may be lightened; and the public debt once more extinguished; that it may not injuriously affect the life and energy, the prosperity and morals of the nation.

Believing that for the redress of the great wrongs, and the correction of the many abuses under which the country is now laboring, we must look to the American people, and that in them is our hope, I am, very truly, your friend,
ANDREW JOHNSON.

—Old Tom Corwin never said a more truthful thing than the following in regard to the way to make character as a public man. The solemn fool frequently passes for a wise man, while the witty genius passes for a fool.

—“Quit that,” he said to a young friend once, “you must not make them laugh. If you want to succeed, you must be as solemn as an ass. The world confounds the satirists of genius with the clown, and looks down on both alike. Be solemn—solemn as an ass—and you'll be respected living, and mourned when dead. All the great monuments are erected to solemn asses.”

—“May I be married, ma?” said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. “What do you want to be married for?” returned her mother. “Why, ma, you know that the children have never seen anybody married, and I thought it might please 'em.”

John Quincy Adams at Home.

WHAT HE SAID TO HIS NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS ABOUT THE SOUTH.

The Hon. John Quincy Adams made an address to his friends and neighbors at Weymouth, Mass., in the course of which he said:

As you all know I have made a little trip to the South. I wished to see what a reconstructed State was, and I went to South Carolina for that purpose. I have come back with this conviction, though I do not know how the other Conservative citizens of the Union may feel about it. I never intend to stop, to relax for one moment in the heartiest, most earnest and most honest efforts I can make to remove all such “blessings” as reconstruction from the necks of every one of my fellow-citizens. [Loud applause.] The issue in this campaign to me is simply this, and nothing more. Reconstruction, as you know, is the Radical constitution. It is the only constitution now in ten States of the Union, and what is it? It is simply this, the rule of the military and nothing else. In order that it may not jar too much upon the nerves of a republican people to see eight millions of their fellow-citizens held down by the bayonet, they have brought in a great mass of three or four millions of poor, ignorant, degraded black men, and set them up in a row, as it were, across the Southern States, and because they think you cannot see the bayonet behind them, they say, “That is a republican form of government.” How republican? What is this republican form of government? Why look at the condition of those States. Suppose that almost all the voters in this Commonwealth should suddenly be deprived of the franchise, and in their place it was bestowed upon a set of men who were entirely ignorant of the value and responsibility of the voting power—who knew nothing about any of the principles in regard to which they were voting. Suppose such a class of men were to be put over you, of course you would not like it—you would feel uncomfortable and disagree, and you would not suffer their rule if you could help it. Yet this is precisely the condition in which South Carolina is to-day. She is governed by a set of men who, if the people were left to themselves, would have no more chance of holding the offices of your government they now hold, than I should of being elected King of Great Britain in place of Queen Victoria if I were to go to England to-morrow. [Laughter.] And these officials having no hold upon the esteem of the people, as they call them down there in their expressive, though slightly inelegant language, “scoundrels” and “carpet-baggers,” cannot command any of their respect and confidence. The consequence of this is, that they have to be supported in their places by the bayonets of the United States soldiers. And as there are not United States soldiers enough at the South to keep the people entirely “contented,” nor enough to make the government thoroughly “Democratic” so every day or two they are calling for more soldiers in order to support these thoroughly “Democratic” and “Republican” governments; and that is reconstruction! My Southern Democratic friends do not even greet me in a way which I shall never forget to my dying day. The kindness, the warmth, the consideration, the order which they showed in welcoming any Northerner, especially from Massachusetts, who would go down there and say to them a kind word, who would not treat them like boys, and call them rebels, traitors, miserable rascals, or villains, went deep to my heart. They asked me to say to my fellow-citizens at the North that they fought you in the war; they believed that they were right; that they fought you as hard as they could, and when the war was done they frankly abandoned what they had fought for. They said we had whipped them; we had conquered what we demanded during the war, and they were ready to give it up. They would fight no longer, and all they asked was friendship and kindness. What they deserved from us at the North was mercy, the hand of kindness, good fellowship and brotherly love. [Loud applause.] They want no more contest, no more ill-blood; they want merely to shake hands, saying, we fought, and now the fight is done, let us be friends. That is the feeling of the mass of the whole people I met at the South. I saw no unkindness, no sort of feeling indicating unkindness towards any of the people at the North. That they may be treated in decency and kindness, they do ask, and that is what I pray of every one of you to labor for. [Applause.] It is the thing, it seems to me, that we need here at the North as much as they need it at the South. All that they ask, and all that the Democratic party at the North seek to accomplish, is that we may be allowed to come together once more in peace and amity; that this incubus of reconstruction may be taken off the people; that these soldiers may be taken away from between us, and that we—all of us—once may feel, North as well as South, white man as well as black man—the benefits of a Union under the old system of government.

—Wanted at this office, an able-bodied, hard-featured, bad-tempered, not-to-be-puffed-off and not-to-be-backed-down, freckled face young man, to collect for this paper. Must furnish his own horse, saddle, bags, pistols, whiskey, bowie knife and cowhide. We will furnish the accounts. To such we promise constant and laborious employment.

—A yankee doctor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours hard labor well worked in.

THE CONGRESSIONAL RESULT.

The election returns indicate the Democracy have gained one member of Congress in Indiana, five in Ohio, and two, perhaps three, in Pennsylvania. In the language of the Nashville American, this is a gratifying result, and gives encouragement to hope that the remaining States to vote this fall will give such additional gains as will reduce the Radical majority in the House of Representatives below the two-thirds point. This will be a valuable result. It will prevent that body exercising in conjunction with the radical Senate the absolute tyranny it has lately wielded. There will be a gain of several members in New York and West Virginia, and sufficient from the Southern States to accomplish this end. An infamous system of gerrymandering in Indiana and Pennsylvania, has alone prevented the accession of a half a dozen more Democrats to the Spartan band on the floor of the House.

The election of that gallant gentleman, Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, is matter of special congratulation, as is also the defeat of the notorious Ashley, in Ohio. Mr. Vallandigham was defeated by less than 500, and this is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that his competitor was Schenck, the Chairman of the Military Committee, and second member of the Ways and Means, connected by marriage with the whiskey ring, and dispenser-general of pickings and stealings.

THE STATE AND COUNTY ELECTIONS.—We are informed and believe, that in filling the vacancies in the State and County, the party now in the ascendancy, have determined to look for good and true men, who are fit for the positions, without any reference to their political opinions or antecedents.

Should this prove to be true, there will be one ray of hope dawning upon our down-trodden and oppressed people. It is a matter of comparative small consequence to us in South Carolina—who may be the officials of the General Government. Here at home it is of overwhelming importance to us that we have good and true men in the various offices of the State and County. We therefore think it the duty of any Southern man, any member of the Democratic Party—to accept any office which may be tendered him by the Republicans—provided that he accept such office—without any sort of abandonment of his principles—and without having in any way to compromise his private character or past record by such an acceptance. We go further and say—that it requires a high order of moral courage for any man to accept office at this time, and that no man should do so, who deems himself unequal to the faithful discharge of his whole duties in such office.—*Santee News.*

Noble Sentiments.—The following is an extract from Albert Pike's late speech in St. Louis. It cannot be repeated too often:

—The man who says that we who are now designated as rebels do not intend in good faith to support the Constitution and labor for the preservation of the Union, tells you a falsehood. He lies in his teeth, and I have no hesitation in saying so. [Great applause.] It is not the honorable Federal soldier who makes the charge, but the sneak who never saw the tented field, and who never dared to enter personally into the fight. [Cheers.] I desire to testify my appreciation of the kindness and magnanimity of the Federal soldiers, who were left to them to decide, would settle our difficulties at once justly and generously toward all. [Cheers.] I say it with pride that never since the close of the war have I been treated discourteously, never an unkind look, nor unkind word from the open, manly Federal soldiers. They fought nobly, they fought successfully, they know how to treat a brave and manly foe. And if you give confidence to the honest and courageous people of the South; if you take the bayonet from their throats, the padlock from their lips; if you enfranchise them and trust them, I pledge you the honor of my race, that we will in good faith discharge all the obligations imposed upon us by the Constitution, all our duties under the Union.”

YOUNG MEN.—It should be the aim of young men to go into good society—we mean not the rich, nor the proud, the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good. Where you find men who know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gather information, it is always safe to be found.

It has broken down many a man by associating with the low and vulgar, where the ribald song was unlearned and the indecent story told, to excite laughter, or influence the bad passions. Lord Clarendon attributed success and happiness in life to association with persons more learned and virtuous than ourselves. If you wish to be wise and respected, and desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, or on the benches of revelers and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course, once secure a love for good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for a half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

—The best part of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others, the minuteness of social virtues.

SIX LOVE LETTERS.

“Are there any more of these letters?” When her father asked this question in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say “No,” and dared not say “Yes,” but as an intermediate course burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

“Bring them to me, Lucilla,” said her father, as if she had answered him, as, indeed, she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very good friend, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on the shoulder.

“Please don't be hard with her, my dear,” she said, coaxingly. “He's a nice young man, and it is our fault after all as much as hers, and you won't break her heart, I'm sure.”

“Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am,” said Mr. Richmond.

“I—no—that is, I only”—gasp the little woman; and, hearing Lucilla coming, she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at all of her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

For all this disturbance arose from a music teacher who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla for twelve months, and who had taken the liberty to fall in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest men in Yorkshire.

“It was inexcusable in a poor music teacher, who should have known his place,” Mr. Richmond declared, and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen into his hands as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, six little white envelopes, tied together with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow by his despairing daughter.

“Lock these up until I return home this evening,” he said to his wife; “I will read them then. Meanwhile, Lucilla is not to see the music master on any pretense.” And then Miss Lucilla went down upon her knees. “Oh, dear papa!” she cried, “dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him again. I couldn't bear it. Indeed I could not. He's poor, I know, but he's a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa.”

“No more of this absurdity, my dear,” said Mr. Richmond, “he has been artful enough to make you think him perfect, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Miss Richmond.”

With which remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

“It's so naughty of you,” said Mrs. Richmond. “But oh, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me. I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so pleasing. I wish I could soften your papa.”

“When he has seen the letters there'll be no hope, I'm very much afraid,” sobbed Miss Lucilla. “Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance.”

“He used to be very romantic in those old times,” said Mrs. Richmond. “Such letters as he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him.”

“So does Fred,” said Lucilla.

“And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful, (he thought so, you know.) I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little,” said Mrs. Richmond.

But she dared not promise that he would. She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down; then went up into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and as she placed them into one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle, tied exactly as those were, and drew them out.

These letters were to a Lucilla also. One who had received them twenty years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers were all so much alike.

Half a dozen—just the same, and much more romantic than those the music master had written to her daughter Lucilla. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she had never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, more angry and determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair, and demanded:

“The letters,” in a voice of thunder. Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket, and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond again repeated, still more sternly: “Those absurd letters, if you please, my dear ma'am.”

And then the little woman faltered: “—That is—I believe—yes dear—I believe I have them,” and gave him a pile of white envelopes, encircled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

“Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla,” said the indignant parent. “I am shocked that a child of mine should practice such depravity. How I let me see. Number one, I believe. June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let me see—ah! From the first moment he adored you, eh? Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. “With your smiles for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is!” Fiddlesticks, Lucilla! A man who has common sense would always wait until he has a fair commencement before he proposed to any girl. “Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature he ever saw!” Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. “Must hear from you or die!” Dear, dear—how absurd!”

And then Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter, and took up another.

“The same stuff,” he commented. “I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of a man would never go into such rhapsodies, I am sure. Ah! now, in number three he calls you ‘an angel!’ He is romantic upon my word. And what is all this?”

“Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla.”

“Great heavens! what impertinence to your parents!”

“I don't remember Fred's saying anything of the kind,” said poor Lucilla. “He never knew you would object.”

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage he started to his feet.

“Infamous!” he cried; “I'll go to him this instant—I'll worship him—I'll—I'll murder him! As for you, by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Elope, elope with a music teacher. I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab!”

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

“Oh, papa, are you crazy?” said Lucilla. “Frederick never proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Oh, papa, this is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do look, papa; it is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your love letters to mama, written long ago. Her name is Lucilla, you know?”

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm chair in silence, very red in the face.

“How did this occur?” he said, sternly, and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with a handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed:

“I did it on purpose!” and passed as though she expected a second judgment. But, hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and creep up to her husband timidly.

“You know, Charles,” she said, “it's so long ago since, and I thought you might not exactly remember—how you fell in love with me at first sight, how papa and mama objected; and how at last we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plainly to you as it was then, we might let Lucilla marry the man she likes, who is good if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself; women have more time to remember you know. And we have been very happy—have we not?”

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little ruse next morning. It was favorable to the young teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and not gone half so far as elopement; and, in due course of time, the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the approbation of Lucilla's mama, who justly believed that her little ruse had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

PRETTY GOOD.—Many incidents of an amusing character happened during the late war which have never found their way into print, but which are too good to be lost. The following, we believe, has not heretofore met the public eye:

Wash Petty, a notorious bushwhacker whilst foraging in Southwest Missouri with his followers, rode up to a farmhouse whose owner was known to have ample provisions for man and beast, but whose politics were best known to himself. Petty and his men being dressed in Federal uniform, were mistaken by the farmer for “jayhawkers.” He began to declare most positively that he was a “Union man. God never made a better.” Petty said “we are hunting your sort; we are rebel bushwhackers.” Whereupon the farmer changed his tactics and declared just as positively that he was a “Southern man.” “Look here, old man,” said Petty, “you don't know to which side we belong, and you must take one side or the other, and stick to it; if you happen to take the wrong side we'll kill you.” This staggered the man considerably, but after thinking a minute, he said: “Well; I said at the start I was a Union man, and I'll stick to it if it is a d—d lie!”

He was left to enjoy his peculiar opinions without further molestation.

—When a woman says another woman has a good figure, you may be pretty sure that either woman is freckled, or that she squints, or that she is marked with the small pox. But if she simply says, “she is a good soul,” you may be morally certain that she is both ugly and ill-nude.